



Climax Of The Storm



👁 49 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

My story starts here. Right here, right now, because it can. I'm telling the story as it happens, which is always the best way. Not when you're old and forget all the details.

I walked onto, well, I walk onto the water, and a lightning bolt sparks onto my head. All the water around me flies into the air. I maneuver my hands so all the water around me went back, and not on me.

I'm walking on the water all the way to the island, and I don't want to get wet. So I throw all the water away from me. I walk for what seems like hours, but I know it's only a few minutes. No one knows how to keep track of time nowadays, so I'm glad that I do.

I'm at the island now, and there's life everywhere. There are birds and insects and beasts and half humans. There are also some of my own kind, storm spirits!

"Andy!" my cousin Nick calls. I look around for him, and I can't see him anywhere. I spot out someone that looks like him, but he's looking the other way. I feel a tap on my shoulder, and there he is. In the flesh and water, my cousin Nick.

By now, I haven't seen him in about... my fourth hand hits his fifth, and my fifth hits his sixth, and so on and so forth.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I walk away, and find my uncle Bernie, Nick's dad. Now we start our secret handshake, and I mess up, cause with Bernie, it's been 798 years strong since I've seen him. I have so many secret handshakes.

"Andy, I'd like you to meet my newest son, Ashton! He's gay, like you! I think your gonna like him! He's only 180, which is ten years over the legal limit!" Bernie exclaims. I start blushing, and shake hands with Ashton. He was really hot, and fit, too. He looks like he just finished The School Of Magic, the last school you go to in your life. He puts his other hand on top of mine, and starts talking. He never puts his hand down, and now we've been talking for at least four minutes.

I can feel my cheeks redden even more, and he slowly starts to smile. "Are you blushing over little ol' me?" he asks. "What? Blushing! What are you talking about blushing, I'm not blushing! And even if I was, why over you! I don't mean that in a bad way, I mean it in a way because I just met you and now I'm just stammering because I'm nervous and all this is becoming one sentence and it's a really long one and now you're blushing and---"

I do that when I'm nervous. Ashton puts his finger to my lips, and leans in for a kiss.

(YOUR TURN!!!!)

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Give feedback](#)

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account